DR. STRANGE
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DOCTOR
STRANGE
MASTER
THE
ARTS
BRUNNER

Once he was a man like most *others* — a *worldly* man, seduced and jaded by *material* things. But then he discovered the *separate* reality, where *sorcery* and *men's souls* shaped the forces that shape our *lives*. In that instant, he was *born again*, to become a man like *no* other—a man who left us *behind*, as he strove to stand against the unseen subtle perils hovering *thick* and *black* around our fragile existence...and so began the mystic majesty of.....*DR. STRANGE!*

Stan Lee PRESENTS: Dr. STRANGE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!™

"...there be NEW STARS in the heavens this night... or perchance there be OLD ONES REKINDLED!"

STEVE ENGLEHART *Author* | *proudly welcomes back* | GENE COLAN *Artist* | *now teamed with* | KLAUS JANSON *Inker* | *and* | TOM ORZECHOWSKI *Calligraphy* | PETRA GOLDBERG *Coloring* | LEN WEIN *Editor*

LIFT HIGH THE VEIL OF FEARS!

A SWELTERING FORENOON IN THE INDIAN SUMMER OF A NEW-BORN NOVEMBER... AND ACROSS CENTRAL PARK, PASS TWO BEINGS WE KNOW WELL...

DR. STRANGE AND CLEA.

UP FROM HIS GREENWICH VILLAGE SANCTUM HAVE THEY WALKED, TO REVEL IN THE EBB AND FLOW OF HUMANKIND AROUND THEM, AND NOT ONE EYE HAS TURNED THEIR WAY...

...UNTIL NOW!

WOW! WOULDJA LOOK AT THOSE TWO--?

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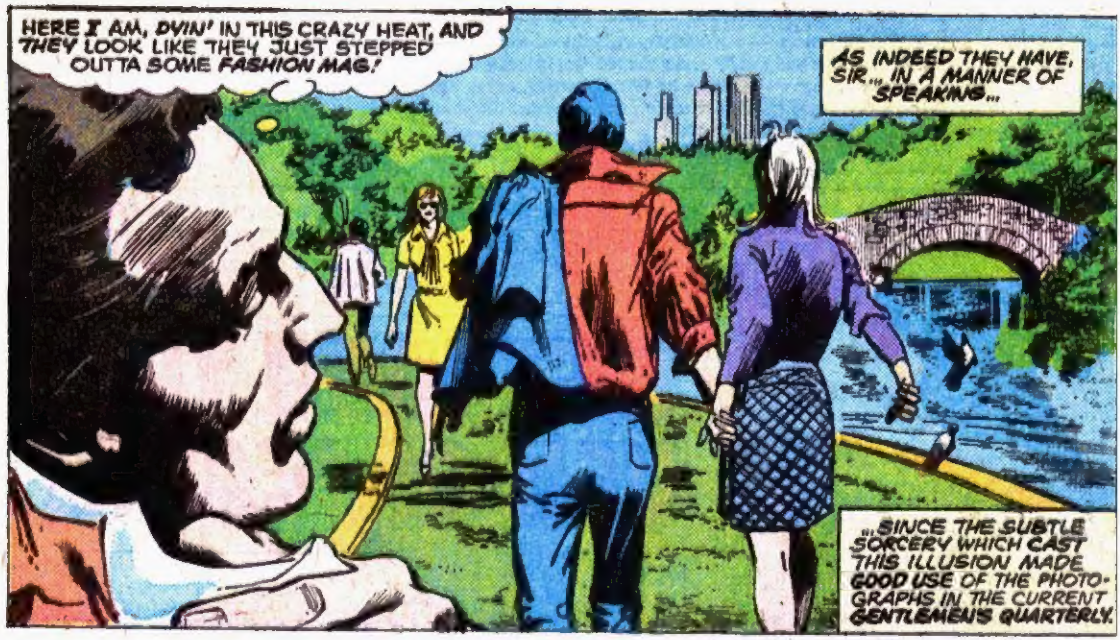
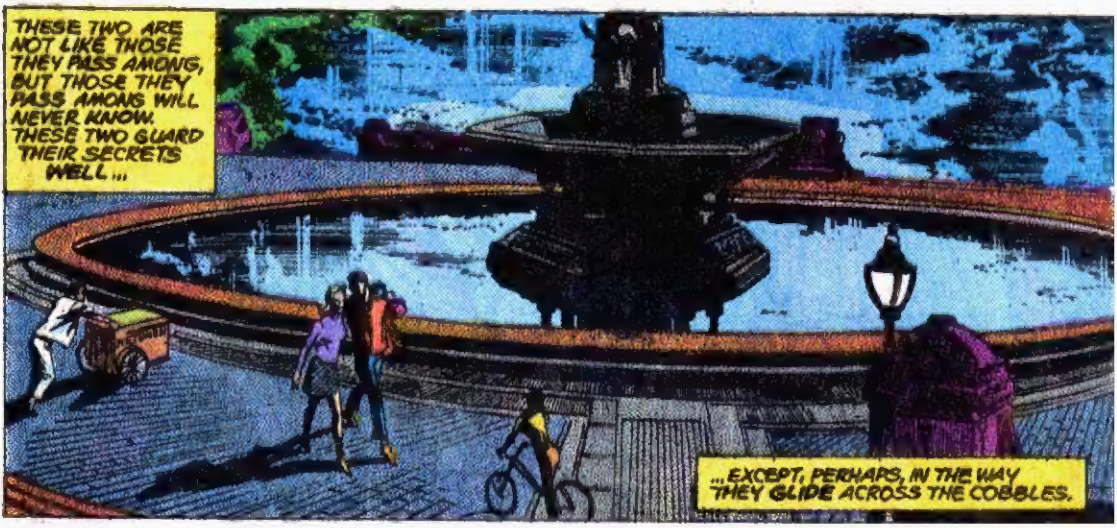
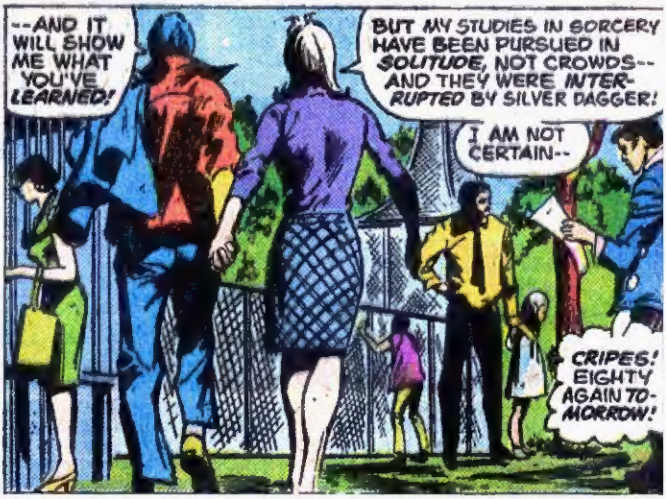

HERE I AM, DYIN' IN THIS CRAZY HEAT, AND THEY LOOK LIKE THEY JUST STEPPED OUTTA SOME FASHION MAG!
AS INDEED THEY HAVE, SIR... IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING...
...SINCE THE SUBTLE SORCERY WHICH CAST THIS ILLUSION MADE GOOD USE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE CURRENT GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY.

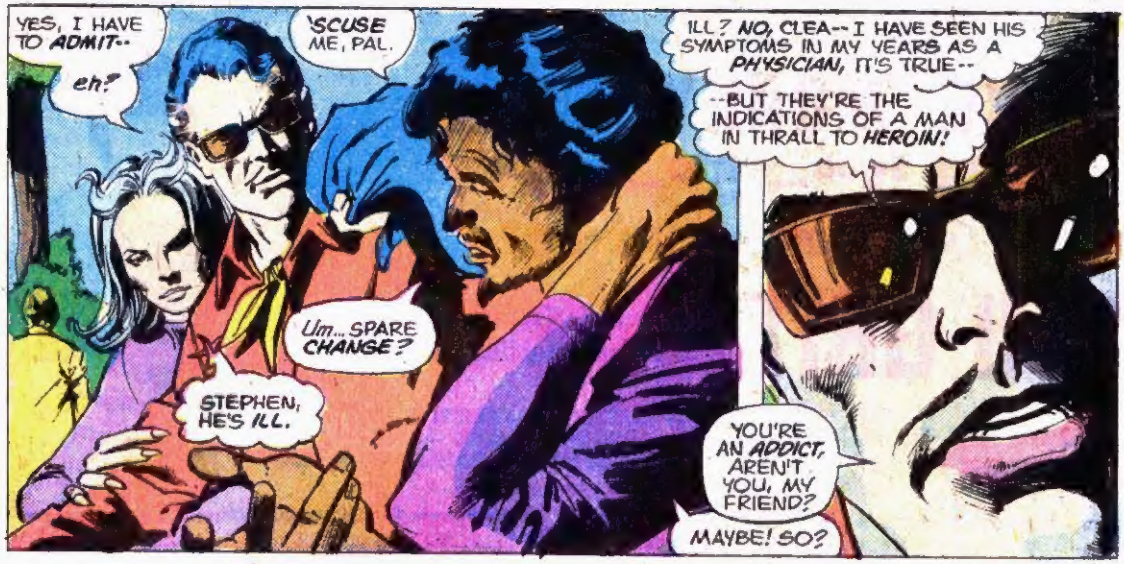

THESE TWO ARE NOT LIKE THOSE THEY PASS AMONG, BUT THOSE THEY PASS AMONG WILL NEVER KNOW. THESE TWO GUARD THEIR SECRETS WELL...
...EXCEPT, PERHAPS, IN THE WAY THEY GLIDE ACROSS THE COBBLES.

...BUT STEPHEN, IF HE IS WELL CARED FOR, COULD HE NOT BE ALLOWED TO REMAIN AS HE IS?
NO, CLEA. IT MUST BE SET RIGHT--


--AND IT WILL SHOW ME WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED!
BUT MY STUDIES IN SORCERY HAVE BEEN PURSUED IN SOLITUDE, NOT CROWDS--AND THEY WERE INTERRUPTED BY SILVER DAGGER!
I AM NOT CERTAIN--
CRIPES! EIGHTY AGAIN TOMORROW!

-- THAT I CAN COUNTER THE SPELL UPON THIS RABBIT! *
YOU CAN, CLEA. THE SILVER DAGGERS IN CREATION CAN ALWAYS BE COUNTERED BY A TRUE ADEPT--
-- AND YOU HAVE REACHED YOUR LEVEL FOR THIS.
* SEE DR. STRANGE #1. -- LEN.
SIGHING, CLEA LEANS AGAINST THE BARS-- AND HER FEATURES IMMEDIATELY FALL SLACK. HER CONSCIOUSNESS HAS TURNED INWARD--
--SLIPPING BACK FROM THE CARNAL SHELL WHICH CARRIES IT THROUGH THIS WORLD--BACK INTO THE INNER VOID--
--ONLY TO SPRING FORTH SECONDS LATER--
--UNCAGED AND SOARING AS FREE AS THE WIND, WHICH HUMS IN PLEASANT GREETING!
NOT EVERYONE, HOWEVER, FINDS HER ACTIONS SO AGREEABLE.
IN THE NAME OF THE ETERNAL VISHANTI!
SHE'S LOOSED HER ASTRAL BODY--
--LEAVING HER MORTAL FORM TO FALL!
GEE, JERRY, THAT LADY'S SICK!
HA HA HA, STEPHEN STRANGE! I MAY BE YOUR DISCIPLE IN THE MYSTIC ARTS--
--BUT YOU ONLY TOLD ME WHAT TO DO, NOT HOW YOU WANTED IT DONE!

WATCH CLOSELY NOW--!
WHISPERED OF IN TIME'S LOST LORE-- ARE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADORR --
--NOW I CALL-- NAY, I IMPLORE--
--LET ALL BE AS IT WAS BEFORE!
THAT'S IT!
GOOD BOY!
HEY! SOMETHING HAPPENED TO THE RABBIT!
DON'T LOOK AT ME, MAN!
MAYBE IT MELTED.
CLEA, RETURN TO THIS BODY AT ONCE!
YES, O MASTER...
...OF THE MYSTIC ARTS.
BUT I DID WELL, DIDN'T I?
DIDN'T I?
OH, STEPHEN-- YOU LOOK SO FUNNY WHEN YOU TRY TO BE STERN!
I THINK I SHOULD HAVE FOUND MYSELF A WOOD SPRITE RIGHT HERE ON EARTH, INSTEAD OF TAKING UP WITH AN OUTER-DIMENSIONAL PIXY!


YES, I HAVE TO ADMIT--
eh?
'SCUSE ME, PAL.
Um... SPARE CHANGE?
STEPHEN, HE'S ILL.
ILL? NO, CLEA-- I HAVE SEEN HIS SYMPTOMS IN MY YEARS AS A PHYSICIAN, IT'S TRUE--
--BUT THEY'RE THE INDICATIONS OF A MAN IN THRALL TO HEROIN!
YOU'RE AN ADDICT, AREN'T YOU, MY FRIEND?
MAYBE! SO?

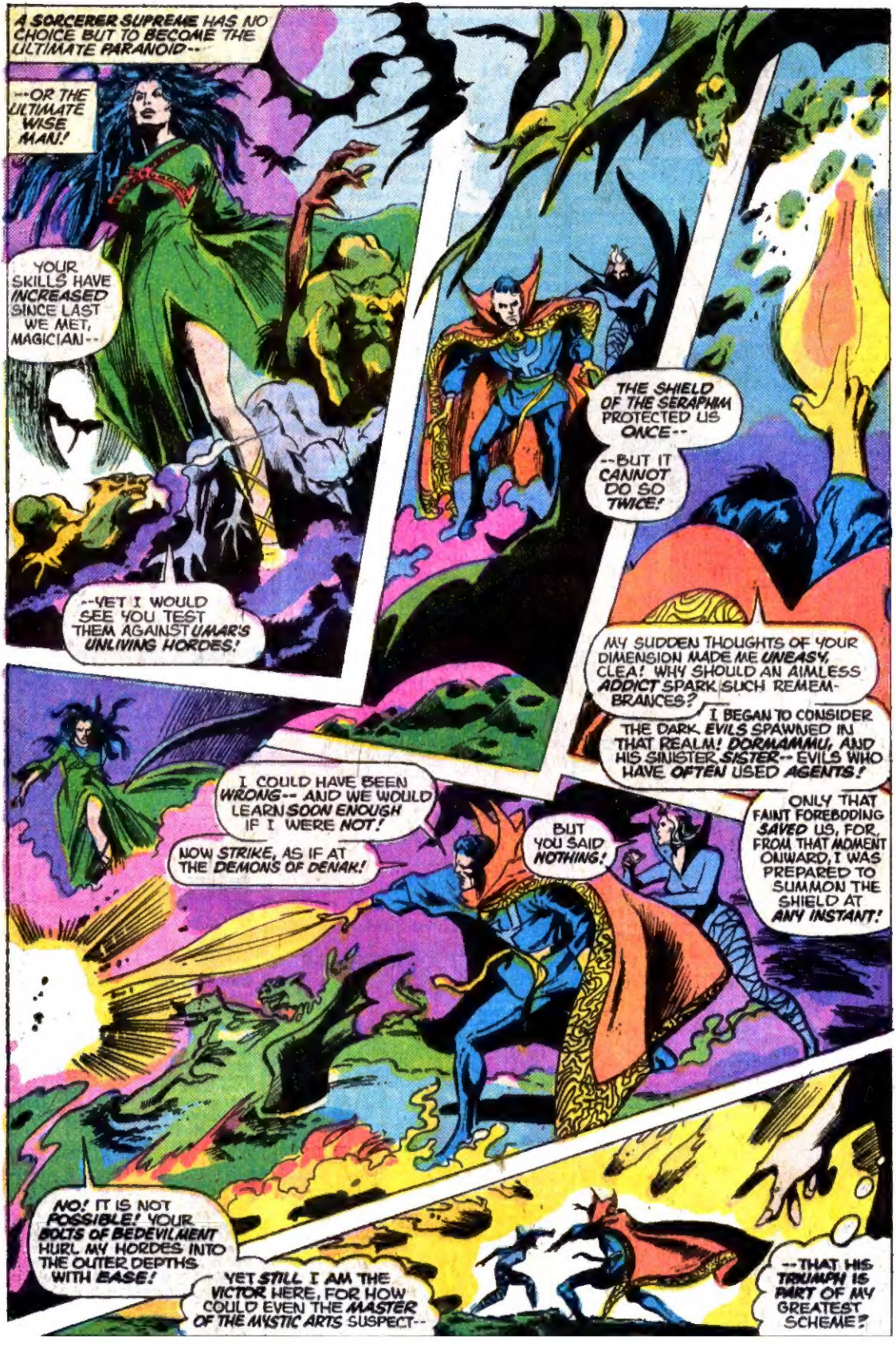
IN MY TIME, IN MY... STUDIES... I HAVE DEALT WITH MANY DRUGS, TO FREE THE BODY AND THE MIND...
...BUT HEROIN ENSLAVES BOTH OF THESE, MY FRIEND-- AND THEN DESTROYS THEM!
THERE'S LOTSA DESTRUCTION IN THIS WORLD, PAL.

TAKE A LOOK AT THAT POLLUTION UP THERE!
THAT'S DESTROYING PEOPLE ALL THE TIME-- CUTTING THE OXYGEN, TURNING THE PLANET INTO A GREENHOUSE, SO IT GETS HOTTER AND HOTTER!

DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT DESTRUCTION, PAL! YOU JUST GO YOUR WAY AND I'LL GO MINE!
STEPHEN-- CAN YOU NOT HELP HIM? SOME SPELL, PERHAPS?
I CAN DO NOTHING, CLEA.
IT IS BEYOND EVEN A SORCERER SUPREME!

EVEN IF I...WERE TO CLEANSE HIM OF HIS CURRENT NEED FOR THE DRUG--
--IT IS HE HIM-SELF WHO WOULD HAVE TO END HIS DESIRE FOR IT.
YOUR WORLD IS NO MORE A PARADISE THAN MINE, IS IT, MY LOVE?
"NO WORLD OF THIS PLANE IS, CLEA--
"--THOUGH WE MUST EVER STRIVE TO MAKE THEM SO, FOR DESPAIR POINTS OUR PATH TO HELL!
"IT'S ODD THAT YOU SHOULD MENTION YOUR WORLD, HOWEVER--
"--BECAUSE I FIND MYSELF THINKING OF IT, ALSO."
THE FOOLS!
AS EXPECTED, DR. STRANGE'S CONCERN FOR MY ADDICTION--
--PROVES HE IS RIPE FOR-- ATTACK!
AND MOREOVER-- HIS LACK OF CONCERN THAT I MIGHT HAVE ULTERIOR MOTIVES--
--HAS BLINDED HIM TO THE ULTERIOR MOTIVES IN MY MIND!
ONE HOUR LATER, AT THE MYSTIC MASTER'S SANCTUM.
WERE YOU THERE, ON THIS STREET, TONIGHT--
--YOUR EYES WOULD OBSERVE ONLY THE FOLLOWING:
A CHANCE ACCIDENT--
-- AN EXCHANGE OF APOLOGIES--
--AND AN OLD WOMAN'S CONTINUATION OF HER CONSTITUTIONAL.
YOU WOULD PAY NO NOTICE. YOU HAVE SEEN THIS SCENE REPEATED A MILLION TIMES...

BUT IF YOU WERE ONE OF THE FEW WHO UNDERSTOOD SORCERY--
--AND SEPARATE REALITIES--
--THIS IS WHAT YOU WOULD SEE!
THAT OLD WOMAN--! I SENSE SOMETHING SINISTER ABOUT HER!
I KNOW HER AURA!
OF COURSE YOU DO, DR. STRANGE! UNLIKE MY DRUGGED DISCIPLE--!
--UMAR THE UNRELENTING HAS NO REASON TO DECEIVE YOU!
A SWIFT AND CALCULATING ATTACK--ONE THAT MIGHT WELL HAVE BROUGHT INSTANT OBLITERATION TO BOTH MASTER AND STUDENT--
--WERE IT NOT THAT SINCE HIS ENCOUNTER WITH SILVER DAGGER, DR. STRANGE STANDS EVER AT THE ALERT FOR THE SLIGHTEST HINT OF TREACHERY!


A SORCERER SUPREME HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO BECOME THE ULTIMATE PARANOID--
--OR THE ULTIMATE WISE MAN!
YOUR SKILLS HAVE INCREASED SINCE LAST WE MET, MAGICIAN--
--YET I WOULD SEE YOU TEST THEM AGAINST UMAR'S UNLIVING HORDES!
THE SHIELD OF THE SERAPHIM PROTECTED US ONCE--
--BUT IT CANNOT DO SO TWICE!
MY SUDDEN THOUGHTS OF YOUR DIMENSION MADE ME UNEASY, CLEA! WHY SHOULD AN AIMLESS ADDICT SPARK SUCH REMEMBRANCES?
I BEGAN TO CONSIDER THE DARK EVILS SPAWNED IN THAT REALM! DORMAMMU, AND HIS SINISTER SISTER-- EVILS WHO HAVE OFTEN USED AGENTS!
ONLY THAT FAINT FOREBODING SAVED US, FOR FROM THAT MOMENT ONWARD, I WAS PREPARED TO SUMMON THE SHIELD AT ANY INSTANT!
BUT YOU SAID NOTHING!
I COULD HAVE BEEN WRONG-- AND WE WOULD LEARN SOON ENOUGH IF I WERE NOT!
NOW STRIKE, AS IF AT THE DEMONS OF DENAK!
NO! IT IS NOT POSSIBLE! YOUR BOLTS OF BEDEVILMENT HURL MY HORDES INTO THE OUTER DEPTHS WITH EASE!
YET STILL I AM THE VICTOR HERE, FOR HOW COULD EVEN THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS SUSPECT--
--THAT HIS TRIUMPH IS PART OF MY GREATEST SCHEME?

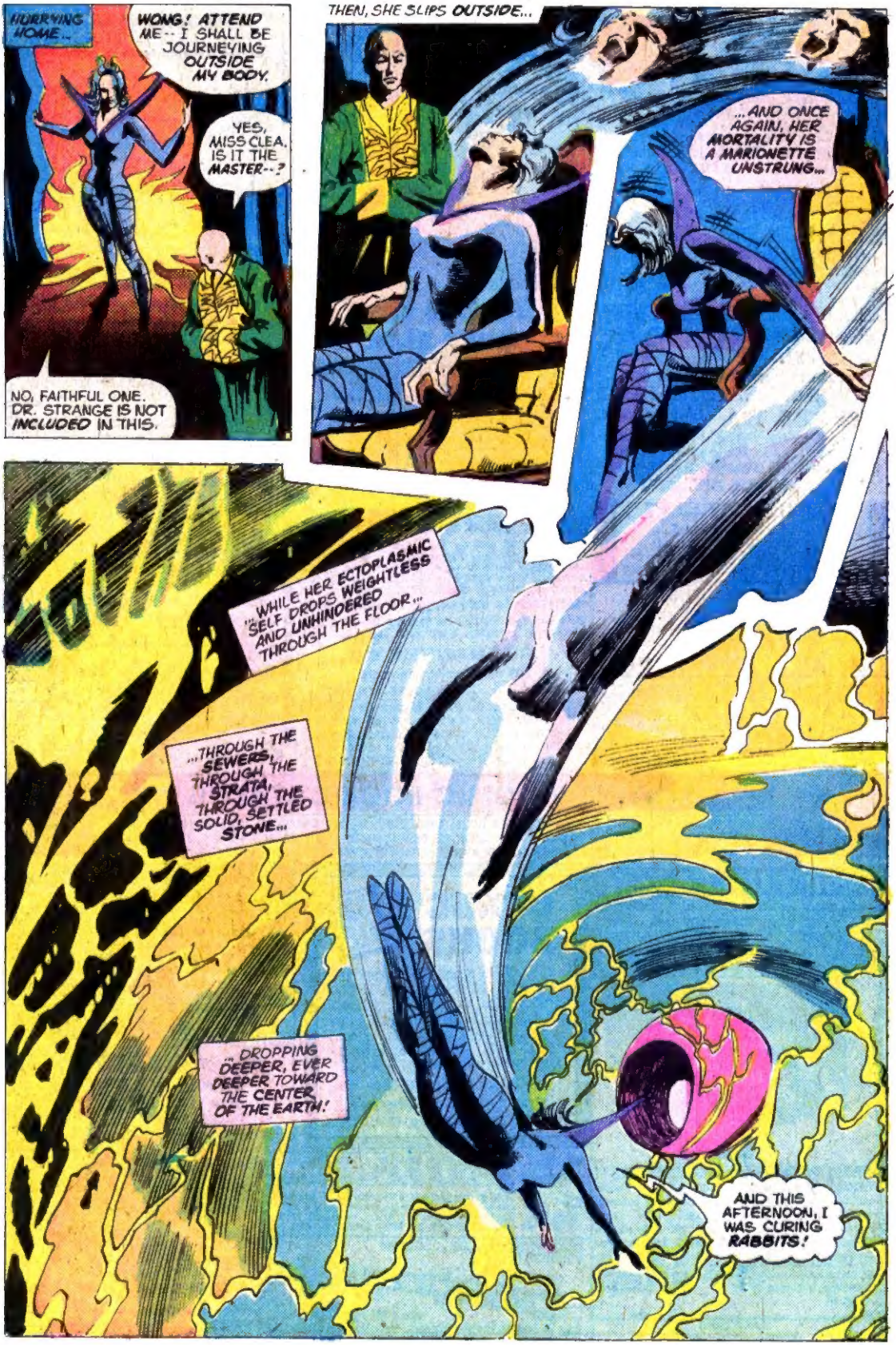
NOW UMAR, SO HAUGHTY-- NO MORE HOLD YOU SWAY!
MAY THE WINDS OF THE WATOOMB-- WAFT YOU AWAY!
NO!
NOOOOOOOOOO
YES, STRANGE! YES!
WITH THIS, YOU SEAL YOUR OWN DOOM-- AND THAT OF ALL THE EARTH!
TWISTS WITHIN TWISTS WITHIN TWISTS! CAN IT BE THAT THE ADDICT, UNKNOWN TO EVEN HIMSELF, WAS SUPPOSED TO PREPARE THE MAN OF MYSTERY FOR UMAR'S COMING?
READ ON...!
IT IS FINISHED-- AND NO OTHER MORTAL HAS SEEN ANY OF IT!
GOOD! AS ALWAYS, MANKIND MUST NOT BECOME AWARE OF THE TERRIBLE FORCES LURKING JUST BEYOND ITS IMAGINATION!
BUT WE, CLEA--
--MUST PURSUE THIS MATTER--
--NOW!

THE PORTAL SWINGS SOFTLY SHUT BEHIND THEM, AND THE VAST HOUSE IS AS SILENT AS THE TOMB!
UMAR... SHE WHOSE WRATH ONCE FORCED MY EXILE TO... THE REALM UNKNOWN! *
I HAD NOT THOUGHT TO MEET HER AGAIN... AS A SORCERESS...!
SHE IS A MOST POWERFUL ENEMY, CLEA. MY SPELL WILL NOT HOLD HER LONG.
*STRANGE TALES #155. --LEN
OF ALL THOSE WHO HAVE PLOTTED THE CONQUEST OF THIS COSMOS, SHE IS SURPASSED SOLELY BY HER BROTHER...
...DORMAMMU!
"HE VANISHED WHEN THE SCARLET WITCH HEXED THE EVIL EYE...
"... CAUSING IT TO DRAW HIS LIVING POWER INTO ITS SEETHING INTERIOR AS IT TRIGGERED ITSELF--
"--THUS ENDING HIS AND THE GOD LOKI'S SCHEMES OF SUBJU-GATION!*
*AVENGERS #118. --LEN.
"YET THE WATCHER KNEW AS WELL AS I THAT HE WOULD SOMEDAY BE REBORN, REGENERATED BY THE WORSHIP OF THOSE WHO INVOKE HIS NAME---
"--AS I ONCE DID, BEFORE I LEARNED HIS TRUE NATURE."
IF UMAR'S APPEARANCE HERALDS DORMAMMU'S REBIRTH...!
I MUST CONSULT THE ORB OF AGAMOTTO.
STEPHEN! ISN'T THE ORB DANGEROUS TO YOU?
NOT ANY LONGER, CLEA. IT IS ONLY MY CRYSTAL ONCE MORE--
--IN WHICH BOUNDARIES DECAY, INCLUDING THOSE BETWEEN US AND DORMAMMU'S DOMAIN!
STRANGE! PUT AWAY YOUR USELESS TOY, NECROMANCER!
MY ENCHANTMENTS SHALL BLIND IT TO MY DOINGS HERE, UNTIL I MAY HAVE MY REVENGE! YOU SHALL NOT SPY ON ME!

IT IS AS I SUSPECTED! ALREADY, UMAR HAS RETURNED TO HER REALM AND BEGUN TO SCHEME ANEW!
WE SHALL BE OBLIGED TO TRAVEL THERE TO SEE IF DORMAMMU LIVES AGAIN---
NO, BELOVED.
I... CANNOT.
CANNOT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, CLEA?
PLEASE, STEPHEN!
I DO NOT WISH TO SPEAK OF IT! PLEASE SIMPLY ACCEPT WHAT I SAY--
--AND ASK ME NO FURTHER QUESTIONS! PLEASE, STEPHEN!
ALL RIGHT. IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WISH, DARLING, YOU ARE YOUR OWN WOMAN.
THEN--FAREWELL!
BUT--GUARD YOURSELF WHILE I'M GONE.
DESPITE YOUR SKILL WITH RABBITS, YOU ARE YET A FLEDGLING IN THE MYSTIC ARTS.
I SHALL.

HOW VERY ODD! CLEA HAS HAD NO OCCASION TO RETURN TO THE REALM OF HER BIRTH SINCE SHE JOINED ME IN MINE. SHE NEVER TOLD ME SHE HAD NO WISH TO DO SO.
I AM PLEDGED NOT TO PURSUE THE MATTER--
--YET STILL MAY I WONDER, FOR SHE KNOWS I SHALL BE THAT MUCH MORE SORELY BESET IN THE DARK DOMAIN WITHOUT HER.
THOUGH I CANNOT SEE IT, I SENSE THE ANKH HAS REAPPEARED UPON MY BROW--
--PROCLAIMING THE COMING CONFLICT TO BE ONE OF LIFE-- OR DEATH!
BUT DR. STRANGE NO LONGER FEARS DEATH--
--AND THOUGH ANYTHING MAY OCCUR IN THE OCCULT, A SORCERER SUPREME NEEDS NO ONE BUT HIMSELF!
...BECAUSE THE REMAINDER OF THIS ISSUE IS CONCERNED WITH THIS REALM.
...AND SO STEPHEN HAS GONE TO MY DIMENSION, WHILE I LINGER HERE IN HIS.
HE SOARS INTO BATTLE, WHILE I WALK TO CLEAR MY THOUGHTS.
IF BOTH UMAR AND DORMAMMU LIE IN WAIT FOR ME, I SHALL NOT FALTER!
PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE EXPLAINED. WE SHOULD HOLD NO SECRETS FROM EACH OTHER.
BUT IT IS SO PAINFUL-- SO PERSONAL--!
I ALWAYS KNEW THIS DAY WOULD DAWN. PRAISED BE THE VISHANTI THAT I FACE IT WITH A MAN OF UNDERSTANDING...
AS WE SHALL SEE... NEXT ISSUE...

CLEE-AAA
Eh--? SOMEONE CALLS MY NAME-- WITHIN MY BRAIN!
BUT WHO WOULD KNOW---
OH!
THE STREETS AND STEEL OF MANHATTAN ARE GONE, VANISHED IN THE TWINKLING OF AN ICON--
--AND IN THEIR PLACE LOOMS A VIRGIN FOREST, SUCH AS MUST HAVE GRACED THIS LONG-LOST ISLAND--
--FOR ALL THE CENTURIES ERE THE FIRST SETTLER SET FOOT ON SHORE.
CLEE-AAA, THOU MUST HELP ME.
A WOMAN-- IN THE SHADOWS!
NAY, CHILD-- MORE THAN WOMAN, AND LESS.
I AM THE SPIRIT OF LIFE-- OF GROWTH, HARVEST, AND RENEWAL.
ONCE MY HUMANS CALLED ME GODDESS. NOW, MERELY... MOTHER NATURE.
HEED ME, CLEE-AAA! THERE IS A GROWTH WITHIN THIS WORLD WHICH IS NOT OF MY DESIRE!
THOU ART A WOMAN.
THOU MUST UNDERSTAND, FOR I MAY SAY--
--NO MORE!
CLEA'S SENSES SWIM, AND REEL, AND THEN--
--ALL IS AS BEFORE.
WITH ONE EXCEPTION.
YES... I DO UNDERSTAND.
I SHALL HELP!


HURRYING HOME...
WONG! ATTEND ME-- I SHALL BE JOURNEYING OUTSIDE MY BODY.
YES, MISS CLEA. IS IT THE MASTER--?
NO, FAITHFUL ONE. DR. STRANGE IS NOT INCLUDED IN THIS.
THEN, SHE SLIPS OUTSIDE...
...AND ONCE AGAIN, HER MORTALITY IS A MARIONETTE UNSTRUNG...
"WHILE HER ECTOPLASMIC SELF DROPS WEIGHTLESS AND UNHINDERED THROUGH THE FLOOR..."
"...THROUGH THE SEWERS, THROUGH THE STRATA, THROUGH THE SOLID, SETTLED STONE..."
"...DROPPING DEEPER, EVER DEEPER TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE EARTH!"
AND THIS AFTERNOON, I WAS CURING RABBITS!

BUT I DARE NOT GIVE WAY TO OVERCONFIDENCE IN MY THRILL OF THIS QUEST!
ALTHOUGH MY ASTRAL FORM IS UNAFFECTED BY ITS SURROUNDINGS, A MYSTICAL ATTACK COULD DESTROY ME UTTERLY--
--AND DESPITE MY SKILL WITH RABBITS, I AM YET A FLEDGLING!
THE SINCERITY OF THE EARTH-SPIRIT'S PLEA WAS UNQUESTIONABLE! SOMETHING EVIL AWAITS IN THAT MOLTEN CORE BELOW!
STOP, CHILD! COME NO CLOSER!
HER FACE--ALL AROUND ME!
IN MY AGONY, I HAD NOT THOUGHT THOU WOULDST TRAVEL HITHER THYSELF! I DID MEAN FOR THOU TO CONVINCE THY MENTOR, THE SORCERER SUPREME, TO AID ME!
TURN! FLEE!
TOO LATE!
CLEA IS OURS!

YOU MAY NOT FEEL THE HEAT OF THE EARTH, ASTRAL ONE--BUT THE FLAMES WHICH FLARE FROM US CAN CONSUME YOUR FORM--
--AND SHALL!
ONLY IF I PERMIT MYSELF TO SUFFER YOUR SOLICITUDE, DEMON--WHICH I NEED NOT DO--
--SINCE MY SKILLS STEM FROM THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!
MASTER IN THIS REALM, PERHAPS--
--FOR THE MOMENT, PERHAPS--
--BUT HE IS NOT HERE--AND YOU ARE NOT HE--
--AND SHOULD YOU VENTURE ONE PACE FURTHER BACKWARD--
--YOU WILL FIND THAT NO NOVICE CAN SURVIVE THE EMBRACE OF MOLTEN LAVA--
--WHOSE CONFLAGRATION NOW OWES LESS TO THE NATURAL THAN THE SUPERNATURAL!
WHAT GROWS WITHIN THAT LAVA, DEMON? WHAT--
OH!
FLAMES BEHIND AND FLAMES AHEAD, CLEA!
HOW LONG CAN YOU HOLD BOTH AT BAY?

BUT CLEA PLANTS HERSELF RESOLUTELY, CHOKING OFF THE EXECRABLE, ECTOPLASMIC AGONY IN HER SEARED LEFT SHOULDER, READY TO FIGHT ON REGARDLESS--
--WHEN SUDDENLY, A NEW VOICE RESOUNDS IN HER HEAD--
--A VOICE SHE KNOWS AND LOATHES!
YOU ASK WHAT GROWS HERE IN THIS SWIRLING, SEETHING HELL?
THE PIT! SOMETHING RISES FROM THE PIT! BUT IT CANNOT BE---
IT IS--
BUT IT IS, CLEA!
--I, DORMAMMU!
CONTINUED!